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July 11. Celebrated to-day by a visit for consultation to the Drs. Rudgard, father and son. The latter gave me a pretty thorough examination and decided nothing was the matter, I only needed rest. He was surprised that the voyage did not cure me, etc. Well, thought I, if this sea and land sickness that has followed me till food is repulsive and weight has been reduced "two stone" in a few weeks, and what little good temper nature and habit had left me are gone, is "nothing" and caused by nothing, why, a man might become a skeleton, a madman and even a corpse, and nothing ail him! But they gave me medicine and advised rest. So I will go to Wales and not to Germany and Switzerland, and do nothing.

But what a superb day it is! A burst of song—a spray of flowers—a glimpse of glory! After London noise and mud, these clean, still, dustless streets are like Paradise. Speaking of mud, that of London deserves special notice. It is unlike that of our Illinois prairie home, or our New York or Boston streets. It is a compound of greasy wax. The latter sticks while the former penetrates. The horses and wheels splash this mud over your clothing, and it becomes like the gravy-stained vest of a sloven, and can only be cleansed by vigorous and long saturations of hot water and ammonia, applied with swab and stiff brush. I doubt if it ever is banished from the substance of the cloth by any process short of the flames.

After lunch I enjoyed a stroll with Mrs. Darby and children along the smooth paths, under the ancient trees, over the green sward, resting on the wooden benches, watching the deer with their restless feet and horns. We see the cows ruminating by the river, the rabbits scampering in their "warren." The old mansion of the Earl of Essex is hardly picturesque, but the Park and its ancient gateway are. The Earl rents the pasturage of his ancestral Park to neighboring farmers and townspeople. He is fourscore and looked handsome and venerable as he drove home from the London Railway station. His coachman and footmen evidently belonged to their master's generation. His sons and daughters live not far away. Soon they will inherit the estate with its rentals and its mortgages. How kind in the Earl to let everybody enjoy his Park as if it were public ground.

July 12. Strolled through the old part of Watford. Bought "*The Sufferings of the Quakers*," a large folio, at a second-hand bookstore.

The new town dates back only twenty-five years. Shops, inns, houses are unlike anything in our country. They take you back to the times of Cromwell and the Charleses. It seems to me that the flowers in windows, gardens and yards, the blossoming vines in trellises and the flowering shrubs are finer in this moist climate than in ours. Took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Frye, the former the son of Edmund Frye, formerly engaged in the Peace work and dying at last at the age of 53 on the platform where twenty years ago he had been eloquently pleading for peace. (What a good place and way to die!) Mrs. Frye was a Priddaux, a sister of Elizabeth who wrote these lines on Elihu Burritt:

Round the world on its holy missions,  
On tireless pinions his white dove flew.  
Whispers of brotherhood, love and peace,  
Thoughts of the time when all wars shall cease,  
Fell on the nations like healing dew.

Mr. and Mrs. Frye have a home made delightful by art collections, tasteful decorations, a lovely garden and lawn,

and most of all by Christian kindness and courtesy. I was sorry not to visit the family home of Mrs. F., Ivy Bridge, near Southampton.

Sunday, July 14. Worshipped at a new and pleasant Baptist church at Watford. Rev. Mr. Stewart, the pastor, preached a good sermon and the large congregation joined heartily in the singing.

July 15. A stormy day. A pleasant, restful trip through the green fields of England, 150 miles northwest to Central Wales. A brief stay in ancient Shrewsbury greatly interested me. My destination was reached at 4 P.M.—Llandrindod Springs, Radnorshire.

July 16. Life at a Wales watering place differs so much from any at the "Springs" or seaside resorts of our own country that I give a little more space to Llandrindod Wells than I otherwise would. The place is a hilly bottomed "basin" among surrounding hills that are almost mountains. A pleasant little river (Ithon) hurries along through the plains of the green valley. We rise at six o'clock and walk between each of the four big glasses of hot saline water, up and down the pleasant paths of the park or out upon the country lanes by the farm-houses till nine o'clock, and then go in to our hotel breakfast of fresh eggs, tea, chocolate or coffee, mutton-chop (juicy meat and well cooked), wheaten loaf and nice butter. After breakfast we all resort to the Calvinistic Methodist (really Presbyterian) Chapel for "prayers." There are several hymns and prayers alternately in Welsh and English for twenty-five minutes. No remarks by way of exhortation or exposition are made. All the people sing, from the smallest child to the oldest person. The Welsh music and hymns are rendered with the most fervency. I am the only "American" present, and am welcomed with brotherly kindness and courtesy especially by the many whose relatives live in the United States. Our country and these absent ones are often subjects of prayer. After prayers comes a walk to the Chalybeate Spring and a draft of its iron-impregnated waters. To-day a party was made up by our friends Rev. and Mrs. P. Husband Davies of London for a drive of eleven miles to Rhayadar. We speed along the excellent roads by the valley of the Ithon to its junction with the Wye. We pass the mansion of W. Gibson Watt, the great-grandson of James Watt, whose inventive genius gave us the locomotive that now draws its swift train up this and so many other valleys of the round world.

#### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FROM GERMANY.

RHINELAND. — COLOGNE. — UP THE RHINE. — FRANKFORT. —  
HEIDELBERG. — FIRST VIEW OF JUNGFRAU.

Germany has come to mean so vast a region, and Berlin at the far North is now so decidedly its political centre, that the tourist through Rhineland feels that he has but touched the modern empire. Still, if one has less than a week at his disposal he can scarcely do better than to go across the rich and densely peopled plains of Belgium and Rhenish Prussia to ancient Cologne. The houses of the German farmers have a low, dull, gloomy look, as if the brightest social pleasures must be outside of them. The open air and the beer-gardens are more attractive. We noticed all over Europe, especially in rural villages, the same low roofs, thick walls, and unornamented exteriors. Scotch, Swiss, Italian, and even French "cottages" are little more than huts disfigured

and dilapidated by age, poverty and decay. They were originally built with greater regard for solidity than cheerfulness, and the occupants have been too poor or too content with their ancestors' houses, to tear down what a century ago might have been regarded as comfortable. In America it is in some senses fortunate that our fathers built hastily and cheaply, so that their well-to-do grandchildren have little excuse for keeping up the decayed house, but can replace it with something which, if not more lasting, is more bright and cheerful.

It was a misty afternoon that clouded the prairie-like fields as we approached the dark walls of the old Burgher town. The Cathedral, just completed, and about to be dedicated, after centuries of labor, by Kaiser William, who has contributed liberally for that purpose, is the pride and glory of Cologne. The citizens are even more interested in it than strangers. Germany is to have a jubilee on the occasion of its completion, this fall. The grand old edifice is so superior to all its surroundings, towering like a great mountain among hills, that its impression is unique, and, in some respects, unsurpassed by any other Cathedral of Europe. We walked around its noble exterior, and "told the towers thereof." The scaffolding still obscured the front towers. The workmen's debris was piled around the repair-sheds in the rear. There is little of the aerial lightness of Milan. The stone is very dark and soft, and when not renewed, defaced by the action of the atmosphere. The immense mass rises, solid and compact. All ornamentation seems subordinate, or hardly at first to be noticed. The building seems to have assumed its vast proportions by some natural process of growth or upheaval.

It was Sunday when we first entered. Worship was in progress. Hundreds of people occupied the nave, sitting on the unpainted pine seats, or passing among the forest of noble pillars. The music lacked the smoothness and delicacy of St. Peter's, but had the German boldness, positiveness and perfection of execution. The preacher held his audience attentive to the close of his sermon, which was an earnest exhortation to a better life, delivered with force and eloquence. Cologne is said to be the most completely Catholic of any city in Germany. Only in Belgium are the people more universally devoted to the Roman church. It is slowly recovering business prosperity, and increases in population, but has lost its importance as an independent political centre.

#### UP THE RHINE.

It was not later than six o'clock A. M., when we embarked on the long, sharp, neat little steamer to go up the Rhine. Those who have tried both, greatly prefer going up to down that river. One approaches the castle-crowned heights with superior points of view. It was a charming day, with a cool breeze and a clear atmosphere, on which the pleasure of the tourist so constantly depends. The stream was turbid from recent rains, and ran with a swift current. The volume of water, even after the extraordinary rains of the summer, is small as compared with the Hudson. It is more like the upper Mississippi amid its bolder bluffs and narrower passages.

Readers will not care to be told for the hundredth time of the constant succession of beautiful views, the ancient ruins and romantic legends. There was no more delightful day during our entire tour. We sat upon the deck, and looked and read and conversed all day, except the noon hour spent at lunch in the bright cabin. The landings, with embarking and disembarking tourists, save us

from monotony of motion. The grey stone towers, the vine-clad terraces, the occasional chateaus, recently built or renovated by wealthy citizens, the ancient fortifications, of which Ehrenbreitstein is the most magnificent, the picturesque villages packed around the wier-landings, the grand summer hotels, charmingly located, the passing steamers, the stories re-told, the songs re-sung, till we disembark opposite Bingen; all these things, and many more untold, marked a red-letter day in our tour.

Toward evening we took the cars on the left at Rudesheim for a two hours' ride to Frankfort-on-the-Main, a grand old city solidly built, cleanly, with an unsurpassed public garden and galleries of art that a traveller ought not to miss. Of the latter the *Ariadne* impressed us as combining some of the best features of Greek and modern art. It is the pride of the city, for which fabulous sums have been refused.

A brisk shower did not keep us from a morning drive to Goethe's house and Rothschild's birthplace in the meanest part of the ruinous Jews' quarter. At one o'clock we were on our way to Heidelberg. It is but two hours by rail from Frankfort. Its picturesque location, its venerable university, its unequalled ancient castle, probably the most magnificent ruin of the kind in the world—afforded a most delightful evening. We drove nearly to the top of the wood-crowned mountain, and wandered for hours (one might spend days) along the walls and through the apartments of the castle, which is carefully preserved. We gathered some roots of the omnipresent ivy, and peered into the faces of the students scarred by sword-cuts in their frequent duels. One hotel (*Schrieder*) reminded us of the elegance of Long Branch and Saratoga. Indeed, Heidelberg is a favorite summer resort for the rich and fashionable as well as for the scholar and the antiquary. It is on the borders of the celebrated Black Forest, and abounds in scenery unsurpassed, except in Switzerland.

Our trip to Basle the next day—and onward and upward to Berne, was specially memorable for the wonderful exhilaration caused by the rarefied air of the Swiss mountains and the glorious view of the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger that rose on us at the far left like an exhalation, and then as we gazed grew into loftiness and solidity till the white grandeur of earth seemed to mingle in the blue depths and mysterious heights of heaven. That single view, mercifully continued to us for perhaps twenty minutes, was worth all that our trip cost. It cannot be translated into words or represented on canvas. The pens of poets, to which so many natural objects owe their interest and richness of association, can never add to the impression of such a mountain. It is simply sublime. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor can any heart conceive, what God hath hidden away in heaven for his children. But the Alps, with their wave-washed feet, their marvellously green valleys, their foaming torrents and leaping cataracts, and their sky-piercing summits of eternal snow, are the best hints I have seen of the things in store for those who love Him.

#### FROM SWITZERLAND.

##### THE LION OF LUCERNE.

At no place in glorious Switzerland have we lingered so long, and none do we leave so reluctantly, as this lakeside town. Rhigi rises in mild grandeur on my left, as I look across the emerald waters of lake Lucerne and Pilatus towers with a more threatening aspect on the right. Two

friends who have just returned, out of breath and strength, from a walk of eight miles to the summit of the Rhigi, give such glowing accounts of the sunrise that we can hardly wait for the lapse of the day and night before we are to behold it.

As Berne is full of bears, so Lucerne is full of lions. The heraldic bear, like the real one, is grotesque and comical. The lion is dignified and tragical. Some of the famous stone bears of Berne were carried away with other art and war trophies by Napoleon to Paris. But the Lion of Lucerne, carved out of the solid rock of a lofty precipice, hanging over a central street, and lying in a grotto, 44 feet long and 26 feet high, which was chiselled out by the same hands, can never be removed. He may be demolished; he can not be captured. Even the money and arms of England that have robbed the world of its treasures to adorn London, can never add the Lion of Lucerne to the obelisk of Egypt.

It afforded satisfaction and delight to thousands in America to see the excellent model in plaster of this masterpiece of Thorwaldsen at the Centennial Exhibition. Indeed, the personal and distinctive work of the great Danish sculptor was a similar model now exhibited in a building opposite the Lion. The grotto and the statue itself, were executed by Lucas Ahorn, of Constance, in 1820-21, with such faithfulness to the miniature model, notwithstanding the surprising massiveness, that the name Ahorn will be justly perpetuated with that of the Thorwaldsen.

Col. Charles Pfyffer, of Lucerne, conceived the idea, and collected the necessary funds for the monument, 1818-19. He was a member of that heroic Swiss guard whose martyrdom, the Lion dying by the shield is designed to commemorate. The story is familiar to readers of the history of the French revolution. A regiment of Swiss formed the body guard of King Louis XVI, as they had of his royal fathers from 1616. They were hired of the Swiss Confederation, but for generations had taken an oath of fidelity to the kings of France, who granted them special privileges and honors. When the people rose in the bloody revolution of 1789, the Police were ineffectual and demoralized. The National Guard were infected with the revolutionary spirit. The regular army was away at the frontiers. The National Assembly dictated to King and Council. On the 10th of August the mob rose in its madness and might. The national guard, stationed at the Tuileries, fraternized with the mob. The loyalty of the Swiss was unshaken. Three hundred of them had been ordered away to the frontiers. Only seven hundred and fifty remained to guard the Court at the Tuileries. They resisted an attack of thousands of Jacobins, and forced them out of the court yard. At the command of an officer of the National Guard, two hundred Swiss, under Capt. Dulen, left the palace, marched through the armed mob in the palace garden, and, with the loss of over thirty of their comrades, fled into the guard houses of the Assembly, and waited orders from the King, who had remorselessly committed himself to that revolutionary body. He commanded them to lay down their arms. They sadly obeyed, and in various disguises escaped the fury of the mob. The Swiss who remained at the palace of the Tuileries rallied to the number of eighty, and at the foot of the grand staircase. Their original orders had been to meet force by force. They had not been changed. They were obeyed. After killing four hundred assailants the brave Swiss were destroyed—indeed, assassinated. Three hundred others were

cooped up in the gardens, and nearly all sold their lives dearly. Very few escaped. Thus was this whole regiment annihilated. Of fourteen hundred and ten, three hundred were sent away before the battle, seven hundred and fifty fell, three hundred and fifty survived.

As at Thermopylæ and Balaklava, the sacrifice of devoted lives was ineffectual. Indeed, the circumstances of the Swiss at Paris, as since in Rome, were too much like those of the Hessians in our Revolution to command the sympathies of Americans. They were fighting for a foreign potentate whom his people wished to dethrone. They had neither the inspiration of the love of liberty nor the soul-stirring motive of pure patriotism. It was simply a sacrifice to duty. It was a law-keeping death. The Latin inscription above the Lucerne Lion—who in his inimitable expression of mingled agony and fortitude, like the Laocoon in the Vatican, “dignifies pain”—is not ill-chosen.

*Helvetiorum fidei ac Virtuti.*

“To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss.” Below the monument are the names of the fallen officers of the regiment. The art is as high as the virtue it commemorates. It is true that other subjects equally noble in self-sacrifice and far grander in patriotic inspirations and associations, might have been selected from the early Swiss wars for independence. The heart of a nation is more deeply moved by such instances. But fidelity and courage are grand in any people, when exercised for any cause.

The dying lion of massive proportions, carved out of the living rock of a Swiss mountain, fronting other mountains and overlooking placid lakes, reclines for his last sleep in his immense grotto, transfixed by a lance, the broken staff of which protrudes from his bleeding side. One paw is stretched out with the numbness of coming death. The other shelters the Bourbon lily. A natural spring, the type of myriads of mountain fountains, ever flows over the high rock and forms a pool below. Tall pines cast their shadows over the pool and creeping plants festoon the precipice. Artists are impressed with the simple majesty and touching pathos of the dying face. The Swiss peasantry love to linger around the spot. Foreigners who have read the story realize, here as never before, the significance of the tragic incident in its unsurpassed symbol. Those who knew little before of the event it commemorates turn with interest to the bloody days that, through manifold agony, achieved something for popular liberty, not only for France, but for the world. It seemed to me that others might perceive once more illustrated the everlasting truth: *By means of the Cross comes the Crown.*

Last evening the lion was “illuminated,” that is, light of various hues was thrown into the grotto from different points. Fire-works flashed up from below or were let fall from above. A raft, with a funnel-shaped rocket-holder in the centre, propelled itself into the middle of the pool and sent its fiery missiles toward the sky. The rockets broke and fell among the tops of the pines and gave a fitful and unearthly splendor to a murky night. A concealed band played a dirge that died away as did the light. A fountain threw a water column high in air. The drops and vapor as they fell were illuminated by the artificial flames.

At first all this seemed offensive. It was gilding the gold and painting the lily. So simple, pathetic, tragic and grand is that form and face, dying in the sunlight,

that you feel annoyed that any attempt should be made to add to its impressiveness. But, as character is revealed by varying circumstances; as pictures and mountains manifest new beauties under the changing altitude of the sun's rays; as the Ariadne was more to us when a thin crimson curtain was drawn across the skylight, so Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne not only lost nothing by artificial light, but, in its changing direction and multiplied tints, grew even more sadly beautiful.

If you can forget the artfulness of the exhibitors and see only that which proceeded from the creative mind and deft hand of the artist; if you can keep your eyes on that dying face, and share the nation's sympathy for its heroic dead, you may possibly adopt the words of an enthusiastic native chronicler, and see in that noble monument, "the announcement to future generations that the virtues of the ancient Swiss have not deserted the valleys of the new Helvetia."

#### FROM ITALY.

##### AN EVENING IN VENICE.

Could I convey to our readers a tithe of the pleasure which a few days' sojourn in this "City of the Sea" has given me, I would write with a free pen and a thankful heart. Others have so often described the principal objects of interest to a traveller that I make no attempt to follow them. Graceful and graphic pens are not wanting. Byron, Cooper, Mark Twain and Howells have made the painting, architecture, and the peculiar life one sees at Venice familiar to all readers. But each of us sees and enjoys for himself.

A forenoon in the Doge's palace and prison, a "nooning" at St. Mark's Cathedral, an afternoon among the 600 pictures of the Academy of fine Arts, with Ruskin for a guide and commentator upon the works of Titian, Tintoret, Veronese and Bellini, are worth a long voyage, a long waiting, or anything else that costs ease, time or money. But our evening was so peculiarly Venetian, so unlike anything in America, that I venture to ask all who read this to join in imagination our company of twenty-five. From eight to nine we strolled along St. Mark's Place, around which are the grandest buildings, the most brilliant shops, and every pleasant evening, a crowd seeming to comprise nearly all, citizens or strangers, who are in the city. We sit down and chat in hearing of a fine band of music and enjoy the balmy air and ever-changing mass of promenaders. At 9.30 our evening entertainment commences. By the forecast of our good genius, Dr. L. C. Loomis, of Washington, D. C., a band of sixteen gondoliers who had been in his employ when here each season for a number of years, were quietly assembled and embarked. The gondola is lighted by three harp-shaped Chinese lanterns. They had glided out into the bay a little way before our party were fairly embarked in three gondolas each with two gondoliers. As we shot out from the pier under the brilliant gas-lights that line its edge and had just raised our eyes to admire the moon, which, towards the close of its first quarter, shone with quiet and familiar radiance over the domes, towers and spires at our left, the band of gondoliers broke into their first song. It was quite unexpected to most of us, and as each gondola was illumined by successive Bengal lights, covering the bright, youthful faces and gay dresses that prevailed, with changeable light, all at once the Venice of poetry, romance and song burst upon us. It had been a July day, but the breeze of evening was cooled as it came across the Adriatic. Not a ripple stirred the waters of the Grand Canal save those caused

by the sharp prows and dipping oars of gondolas. As the glittering lights from the boats died away, the slowly declining moon renewed her mild sway which was not sufficiently brilliant to hide *Ursa Major* "that glorious constellation of the North"—so familiar to us in our childhood's home. But oh, the unequalled harmony of those sweet and strong Italian voices so full of pathos and passion! Song after song with full choruses floated out on the air which seemed fairly alive with melody. The walls of the old palaces that line this ancient avenue of Venice were successively sombre and brilliant in the changing light. Gondolas in great numbers flew by like dark birds that nearly touched us with their wings. Others hovered around the fairy-like music and kept time with beating oars to the voices of the unwearied singers.

In Lucerne we attended a concert given upon the celebrated organ of the Cathedral. There, as on a similar occasion not long since in the Cincinnati Music Hall, the close imitation of human voices in an imagined choir seemed to me the most sweet and touching passage. Both were poor approaches and imitations of that immeasurable depth and sweetness of sympathy of which nothing but the voice is capable. When single it surpasses every other instrument in that supreme quality by which not only the fancy and the imagination, but the heart is moved. But when sweet voices are combined and unaccompanied, as in the Jubilee Singers who once sung over the grave of Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., in my presence, "Let my people go,"—or in these Italian boatman giving utterance to a higher style of national music, the legacy of a thousand years of tuneful culture, the effect is, to me, simply indescribable. It was not art except as art is the expression of nature. The parts were well sustained in perhaps a dozen songs. There was not one break in the harmony that I could detect. There were no written words or notes before the singers. They sung, as Spurgeon preached to us in London, in that simple, tender, hearty way that never fails to secure response.

We sailed and sang, and sang and sailed—if gliding by means of silent oars can be called "sailing"—a mile and a half between the echoing walls of the old palaces till we came under the famous *Rialto*. Grouping our gondolas together near the foot of the noble arch on one side we noticed the singers hovering at the opposite edge of the broad canal and underneath the same grand old bridge which, for centuries, has witnessed processions sad or gay, and heard songs plaintive or triumphant. When again the voices of the band broke the silence, the effect was marvellous. The reverberation, with no returning echo to mar its simplicity, gave firmness and dignity as well as power to the musical and manly tones. The moon was rapidly disappearing and the stars were glowing with new brilliancy as we reluctantly turned our faces towards our hotel. We glided homeward with the swift incoming tide and after ascending the steps of the quay we stood upon the shore and listened to the parting song.

The singing was unlike and unequalled by that of any concert that I ever have heard. To be sure the "scenery," circumstances and associations all combined to increase the effect. No night could have been more perfect. To me the charm of novelty was added to that of recollection. The music that floated around us like a halo of sound seemed to harmonize so completely with the evening of a day spent amid palaces, dungeons, churches and galleries rich in historic lore and richer in the atmosphere which the genius of poetry and painting has thrown around them. The melting away of the glowing sun-

light, so sternly unfriendly to the crumbling "Stones of Venice," into gentle moonlit night; the strange and beautiful metamorphosis by which the sturdy Latin has become the liquid Italian; the unquestioning tyranny of the old Doges succeeded by the mild reign of a constitutional king; the mighty military prowess of ancient Venice in Eastern tradition has changed to these "piping times" of peace. The whole day with its evening close was like an anthem in whose measures sublime or sweet, the years were singing their historic song.

My first thought was, "Oh, that I could take this picture out of its setting and transfer it to America for the delectation of my countrymen!" But I reflected, it will not bear it. These men could not so sing their songs in a strange land. Our rivers that wash cities are too swift. Our lakes too subject to rough winds; our people are too busy. Only in the indolent air of Italy and on the watery streets of Venice, with gliding gondolas and singing boatmen; only underneath the sky of Italy and among a restful, pleasure-loving people, can one enjoy such an evening. I may add that no contrast could well be more striking than the singers and their song. Coarse-featured, bronzed faces, rough hands and working dresses were revealed when the lights flashed too fully on the musical gondoliers. Nothing in Venice will bear too close and critical examination. It is a good place in which to stop thinking and enjoy.

R. B. H.

#### A GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO A PEACE SOCIETY.

The Paris Universal Exhibition have done well to recognize the labors of Mr. Hodgson Pratt and his co-laborers, who did so much to make the World's Peace Congress a success. The Jury of Social Economy presented the International Arbitration and Peace Association of London a gold medal, as we learn from *Concord*, which adds these words from M. Frederic Passy, whose defeat for the Chamber of Deputies at the recent election we deeply regret for the sake of France. His retirement can be but temporary.

"I must avail myself of this opportunity to say how grand a scene presented itself on the occasion of the distribution of awards last Sunday. It was, indeed, a touching sight when those representatives of all nations came, in a great spirit of peace and friendship, to salute the President of the French Republic, who, whenever he speaks, appeals to the principles of concord and fraternity. . . . Assuredly the impressions produced on this occasion must have been favorable to our cause."

#### LOCAL ORGANIZATION.

Every State, every county, and every town in the county should, if possible, organize an Arbitration League which appeals to the nobler, higher nature of every philanthropist, statesman, and true Christian in the land.

Holding for a time, as I did, a Consular position in Asiatic Turkey, during Gen. Grant's administration, and twice circumnavigating the globe since, meeting and conversing with kings, princes, viceroys, rajahs, and several military chieftains upon the loss of life, the ruthless desolation, and appalling evils of war as compared with the sweet, heavenly fruitage that must necessarily flow

from concession, conference, arbitration, and universal peace, I most positively affirm that the world—the civilized and the enlightened—is ripe and ready for peace, thrice ready for the settlement of international difficulties by an international arbitration tribunal.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Hammonton, N. J.

—*Messenger of Peace.*

#### THE MARITIME CONGRESS.

The meeting of the Maritime Conference at Washington on Wednesday, Oct. 16th, is an event the importance of which has been overshadowed by the Conference of American States and the entertainment of their delegates, but is really of great public interest. Great Britain at first declined to be represented, but finally accepted the invitation of our Government on condition that some specified subjects should be withdrawn from consideration. The Conference is asked to consider, among other things, the establishment of a permanent international maritime commission, a uniform system of buoys, the marking or removal of dangerous wrecks, uniform night signals for communicating information, signals and other means of indicating the directions in which vessels are moving, inspection of vessels, precautions against overloading, etc. The present mania for racing over the ocean, sacrificing everything to speed, makes it more needful that an efficient marine police be maintained, and strict guarantees for the safety of vessel and passengers secured. The United States are no longer a great maritime power, as they once were and may be again, so that it is not unsuitable for our Government to lead in this conference of maritime States.—*The Watchman.*

#### BOYS' BRIGADES IN SCOTLAND.

To speak plainly, there are few more revolting or pernicious institutions than Boys' Brigades. Revolting, because it represents an hypocrisy which, whether conscious or not, is one of the most disgusting of all present social phenomena. And for the ill effects of it, one has only to read the speech which the major-general delivered to the boys. If they enlisted as soldiers, he told them, they would see the world at their country's expense. Then followed an appeal to Napoleon—Napoleon the Treacherous, as he has been called by one civilized enough to discern and dislike murder in the wholesale. Here is goodly matter to be set forth under the zeal and sanction of the Christian Church! The truth is, that by the Boys' Brigade our youth are being imbued with the principles of political iniquity and the spirit of social retrogression. There are many strange gospels abroad, but this gospel according to Sergeant Kite is assuredly as hateful as any that the most barbarous ecclesiasticism has preached.—*The Scottish Leader.*

—The "World's Arbitration League" has been reorganized at Washington, D. C., with Dr. R. McMurdy as Corresponding Secretary, John B. Wood, of Philadelphia, Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Grannis, of New York, Treasurer. A good Advisory Committee among which are Drs. Sutherland and Newman, of Washington, was chosen. Hon. D. D. Field, of New York, was elected President.